

BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

CHARLES L. SMITH,
Editor and Proprietor.

B. W. PATTON, Associate Editor.

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THURSDAY, MAY 17.

(First published May 17, 1906.)

ORDINANCE NO. 84.

An ordinance establishing the curb line on certain streets in the city of Baxter Springs, Kansas.

Be it ordained by the Mayor and Councilmen of the City of Baxter Springs:

SECTION 1. The curb line on all streets in the city of Baxter Springs shall be as follows: On all streets having a width of fifty (50) feet or less the curb line shall be twelve (12) feet from the side of the street; on all streets sixty (60) feet wide the curb line shall be fourteen (14) feet from the side of the street; on all streets exceeding sixty (60) feet and less than eighty (80) feet in width the curb line shall be sixteen (16) feet from the side of the street; on all streets eighty (80) feet in width the curb line shall be eighteen (18) feet from the side of the street, on all streets exceeding eighty (80) feet in width the curb line shall be twenty-four (24) feet from the side of the street; Provided that there are exceptions from the operations of this ordinance Military street south of North street; all of River street; all these parts of Main and East streets lying between Sherman street and Peoria street; all those parts of Peoria, South, River, Neosho, Sheridan and Sherman streets lying between Main street and East street.

SECTION 2. All ordinances and parts of ordinances conflicting herewith are hereby repealed.

SECTION 3. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its publication in the Cherokee County Republican.

Approved this 9th day of May, 1906.

W. T. HARTLEY, Mayor

Attest: G. W. PETERSON, City Clerk.

I, G. W. Peterson, city clerk of Baxter Springs, Kansas, hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true and correct copy of Ordinance No. 84, as the same now appears on file at my office.

(SEAL) G. W. PETERSON, City Clerk.

Don't you know that Daniels & Plumb have sold more real estate than any other firm in Cherokee county, and don't you know that they never misrepresent property, and that every man who has bought or sold through them is well pleased, and thoroughly satisfied? If you don't believe this, just ask any or all who have dealt with them. Now, then, if you have property for sale, or wish to buy, call and see Daniels & Plumb at once. They still have some good bargains in city and country property, and also mining lands and leases. Don't wait till spring when there is likely to be a sharp advance in all kinds of real estate, but do it now. Get a home while prices are within your reach. Do it now.

There is no Rochelle Salts, Alum, Lime or Ammonia in food made with

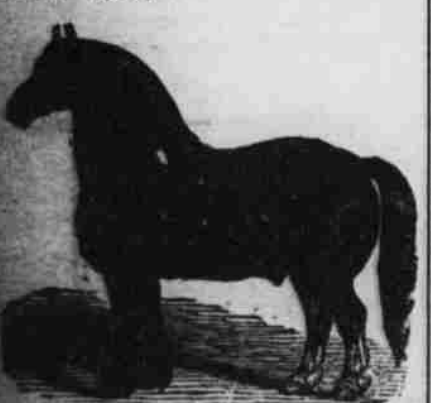
Calumet
Baking
Powder

—NOT IN THE BAKING POWDER TRUST—
It makes pure food.

PRINCE SYLLA,

No. 14010,

Imported from France by Copeland & Holder of Sheonoa, Illinois, at a cost of \$2,000.



Will make the season of 1906 at my barn, one-half mile south of Baxter Springs; he is black, with star in forehead, 17 hands high, weight, from 1600 to 1800, according to condition.

Owing to lateness of getting him here I will stand him at \$12.00 this season. Money due when colts stand and suck.

Leon Junior,

Black, with white points, and as good a one as you will find anywhere.

Terms—\$10.00. Same conditions as above.

How the Contract
Was Filled

(A CHEMICAL WORKS STORY.)

By E. F. STEARNS.

Author of "The Girl from Jepson's."

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

As the clock struck ten, Cowles—junior of Caxton & Cowles, the manufacturing chemists—sent up his card. Cowles was bidden to go up and enter the sick-room.

"Well, what is it?" Caxton asked, not too cordially. "It's that infernal contract—eh?"

"Yep."

"I knew it! I knew it! I knew we were in for a mess, sooner or later. It was a fool thing from the very start. You never should have made it."

"Well, it was a pretty broad contract," Cowles confessed. "I'm not denying that part—but it was the only thing they'd sign, and we need all the business we can grab this year. Let me see. We were to furnish them with something like two thousand barrels of sal-soda during the twelve months, the deliveries to be made when they called for them. That's the substance. Last week they wanted one hundred barrels at one delivery. It was all nonsense, of course. They couldn't possibly use it all at once and it nearly wiped out our stock of sal-soda—but I gave it to them."

Cowles avoided the eye of the invalid and stared across the bed, falling into contemplation of the bottles on the medicine table.

"Now," he said softly, "they want two hundred and fifty barrels more, before noon to-morrow!"

"Two-hundred—and-fifty!" Caxton shouted.

"Um—m—"

"Why, hang it!" Caxton cried, testily. "I don't believe they've even got storage facilities for another two hundred and fifty barrels there! It's a put-up job."

"Of course it is. It's simply a bluff, to worm out of that contract. Hewes is morally certain that we won't make the delivery—and, not having kept to one end of the agreement it lets them out as well. Do you suppose I can't see through that? I even know their reason for the move. Day before yesterday, the combine changed its mind and offered Hewes all the soda he wants, whenever he wants it, for no end less than he's paying us."

"Yes, I imagine that something of the sort may have occurred," said the senior partner, drily. "I guess Hewes is open to it, so far as we're concerned."

"Well, I don't!" said Cowles, and the glitter of war awakened in his black eyes. "Hewes isn't freed from that contract until noon to-morrow, and not then if we should happen to deliver his two hundred and fifty barrels."

Redding, superintendent of the Caxton & Cowles factory, starting out upon the unpleasant landscape of Brooklyn's uttermost end as he ate his lunch, was startled by the abrupt intrusion of the junior partner.

"Redding," said that gentleman, "there's the devil to pay again with these Hewes people."

"More soda? Terror appeared in the superintendent's eye. Since the signing of the Hewes contract, sal-soda had absorbed an undue amount of his time and attention."

"Two hundred and fifty barrels before noon to-morrow! How does that strike you?"

"We can't give it to them, Mr. Cowles—that's all. There's only a hundred and two or three barrels in the place."

"I know it. How much soda is crystallizing now in the coolers?"

"We may take out 35 barrels this afternoon."

"Good. You have 20 coolers for Glauber's salt, haven't you, and 15 more for Epsom's?"

"Yes."

"All right. Empty them—every one—and start more soda crystallizing."

"That won't give us the balance before noon to-morrow."

"Never you mind noon to-morrow," said Cowles. "If you push everything to the limit you can turn out the stuff by noon on Thursday—the day after to-morrow—can't you?"

"I suppose so."

"All right. That's what I wanted to know."

"But will Hewes give us the day of grace necessary for that, Mr. Cowles?"

"I'm not going to ask for it—you can gamble on that, Redding. Now, they want one hundred barrels with our brand on—that's what they mean to use themselves; and the other hundred and fifty are to be delivered with no brand—that's what they intend to resell, of course. I think we'll order brand-new sugar barrels for that lot. They look nicer, and Hewes'll be just that much more likely to save them for his customers. Can your barrel man give us that many to-night?"

"I'll ask him," Redding turned to be telephoned. "Yes," he said, after a moment, "we can have them."

"All right. Order 'em. Tell him they positively must be here before six o'clock. And, by the way, before I started over here, Redding, I called up that Grandford concern that is putting down the new floor and talked with the manager of their place in Long Island City. They—say, Redding, just close that door, will you? I can do without an audience."

On Wednesday morning, John Hewes settled down to work, abeam with quiet satisfaction.

As he termed it, Caxton & Cowles were "tread." They and their contract were out of the way—or would be at noon—and the Combine having

conceded the desired cut in prices, Hewes would henceforth buy his sal-soda much more cheaply.

The appearance in his private office of the elderly receiving clerk from Washington street interrupted his thought.

"What's that, Burrell?"

"The bureau of encumbrances had a man down below, just now, to clear the street. We've got barrels of sal-soda down there to burn."

"What!" Hewes's desk chair spun around and he faced the receiving clerk in amazement. "Caxton & Cowles?"

"Yes, sir. Didn't you order it?"

"Well—yes, I did order it, Burrell, but—"

"It got there all right. Say, we've got sal-soda on the street, sal-soda on the ground floor, sal-soda upstairs; there's more of it out on the platform than I'll have to go on the roof, I guess. You know that storehouse ain't any great shakes for size, anyway, and it was near full before," protested the old man; "but those blamed trucks have been blocking traffic since nine o'clock, and dumping sal-soda till—"

"What time did they stop?"

"I guess it was about quarter to twelve, John."

"That's right. I—I'll swear I never thought they'd deliver it," sighed Hewes. "Well—put it wherever you can, Burrell."

The painful superfluity of soda upon his hands pursued John Hewes through Thursday morning; and when after lunch Cowles' card was brought him, he felt no proper cordiality.

What the devil had he come for, anyway? Was it to enjoy a brief respite of politely veiled gloating?

But the junior partner of Caxton & Cowles wore a frown of annoyance as he entered.

"I suppose you've got it in for me, Mr. Hewes?"

"Hey? Why?" Hewes asked abruptly.

"What! Hadn't your people put in a kick about it, down at the warehouse?"

"No. Why? Didn't you send the full lot?" Was there, after all, a ray of hope?

"The two hundred and fifty barrels? Why, of course. The whole order was filled on time." Cowles' tone suggested mild horror at the imputation. "But you have always wanted your sal-soda in flour barrels—sugar barrels are pretty big for some of the retail people. We sent you sugars yesterday, you know, through an error—one hundred and fifty of them—those without the brand."

"Oh?" Hewes grunted. "Well—never mind. Let it go at that, Mr. Cowles. It—it makes no particular difference, I suppose."

"But it does make a difference," Cowles insisted. "You know, it is a good deal of a point with us to fill our orders to the very letter. This morning I discovered what had happened; and rather than put you to any inconvenience, I've had them send over another hundred and fifty barrels—flours, this time. They're rolling them into your warehouse now, and removing the others."

So? After filling his big order, Caxton & Cowles still had enough sal-soda in reserve to make up an extra hundred and fifty barrels! The benefits of the Combine prices were not for Hewes that year. He turned to Cowles with a smile that held something of resignation.

"Well, we do prefer the stuff in flour barrels, as a rule; but I don't know that you need have bothered making the exchange."

"We never stop at bothering, when it's a question of satisfying a customer, Mr. Hewes," Cowles returned pleasantly, as he rose.

When night had fallen and whistles were blowing the hour of six, Cowles got the factory on the wire once more and called for Redding.

"Are they back, Redding?"

"All of them."

"Sure?"

"Cock-sure. I counted them personally. One hundred and fifty."

"And none of them had been opened?"

"No, sir. Not one. I examined each head as it was rolled off the truck, and there isn't a single scar. They're just as they left the factory yesterday morning."

Later, over the dinner table, Cowles was spinning the tale to his wife.

"But I don't understand," she interrupted. "You say that you couldn't possibly have delivered the soda before noon to-day, yet yesterday you sent the full order?"

"I also said that I called up the Grandford Paving people yesterday. They're laying the new macadam floor in the sulphuric shop, you know. I hurried them up on the materials they were sending and—well, we used some of them for that first one hundred and fifty unbranded barrels."

"But—"

"Mary," said Cowles, in a stage whisper, leaning across the table, "there wasn't an earthly thing in a one of those sugar barrels but crushed stone!"

THE BRIGHT SPOT.

When Maw's sick I'm so lonesome! I don't know what to do; I have to tiptoe round the house 'N'd talk in whispers, too.

When Maw's sick all the fellers, They have ter stay away. I can't keep still nor make a noise, Nor whistle, sing or play.

When Maw's sick things don't taste the same, 'N'd no desserts nor pie. The cook she looks at me so cross, 'N'd paw's so snappy. My!

When Maw's sick nawthin' seems quite right, Except the doctor. He just comes and goes, 'N'd every time He smiles 'n'd winks at me.

—Tom Mason, in The Reader.

FIVE MILE NEWS.

The frost killed all the beans and tomatoes.

What happened to Sam, Tuesday, on Tennessee Prairie, was all muddied, one heel off his shoe and looked so scared. Who was after him up there? Poor Sam!

Miss Lela and Flossie Simmons were calling on Five Mile Wednesday evening.

Bill Murray has the finest straw-berries on Tennessee Prairie. He says the whole patch belongs to Bill.

Burt Eatabrook bought a new croquet set for six. Good for him. He is not selfish.

Mr. Alfred McDonald spent Friday night with friends on Tennessee prairie.

Joe Duncan sold Bud's fine mules and is kind enough to give him another team of young mules.

Sam Inman went to Galena Sunday with Joe and Bud.

C. W. Miller spent Saturday night with his friend Gregg on Five Mile.

Mrs. Peake Ewers of Five Mile is having her home in Baxter painted and papered.

Gregg Ewers and wife made business trip to Galena Saturday.

Mr. Moulton and wife of Empire visited friends on the creek Saturday.

Mr. Nelson and wife were in Galena Saturday.

Ellis Cromer is working for Henry Card.

Mrs. Maggie Wyatt has moved to Galena. She lives on sixth street.

Dannie Williams and his sister, Mrs. Josephine went to Chitwood Saturday to visit their mother.

Jim looks lonesome.

Berry could not stay with wood chopping when Saturday evening came. He pulled out for Galena.

Mr. Board and others were fishing on the creek Saturday night. They work for Junge Bakery of Joplin.

Elmer Fritz was on the creek Sunday. He is good at croquet.

John Hunley spent Sunday with Gregg Ewers.

Wesley Baker and wife are visiting his parents on Tennessee prairie.

Henry Card had a dance Saturday night. It lasted until 2 o'clock Sunday morning.

If reports are true Steve Baker cut his leg with an ax while at work in the timber last week.

Miss Daisy Turner and her brother went to Galena Saturday.

Mrs. Lona Hansom and family have moved to Sweet Water, Texas.

Mr. West of Galena was on the creek Sunday trying to buy cheap milk cows. He offered \$25 for G. Ewers' little Porter cow and young calf but no he can look some place else to buy cheap cows.

Mr. Smith and wife of Baxter were on Five Mile on business Friday.

Man Murray took his children Sunday to visit their little sister.

Mrs. Weekly is taking care of the little one.

Young man, you dress up to get married. Why not fix yourself up to keep married? Just because you are a married man don't lose your pride and when your wife dies spruce up, shave and wear standing collars, every one will say something. But fix just a little for mother's sake. She loves to see you look nice and loves to be shown that you have pride and don't be ashamed of mother, she won't be here always and when she is gone she can't come back. Be kind to her while she is alive.

FIVE MILE.

Daniels & Plumb have some nice homes in Baxter to sell at a bargain; also cheap farms and city lots.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the Republican nomination for the office of sheriff of Cherokee county, promising, if nominated, to make the best race possible, and if elected to do the best I know how. JOHN AITCHISON.

We have for sale a very nice Military street residence property, two blocks from the postoffice; one block from the springs; 2 lots; nine rooms; good barn; plenty of shade trees. For the next few days will make a very reasonable price on it. Call at this office.

Say, our new presses are doing first class work. If you want any kind of printing, no matter what, just bring your order to us, and we will get the work out for you in a hurry, and it will be well done too. Our job force likes to work the new presses, so come on with your orders.

A BIG STOCK

Of cards which read as follows can be found at this office:

"No Hunting, Fishing or Trespassing Allowed on This Farm."

The cards are heavy, nicely printed and will stand the weather. Buy them here.

THE NEWS.

THE BLUE FRONT
CLOTHING STORE

Is the Great Clothing Center.

Alert and watchful, with cash in hand, we buy clothing cheaper and have a wider range of selections. As a store buys, so it sells. When we are able to own our goods below the market price our patrons invariably share in the savings. That is our policy fixed, well defined, a rule from which we never deviate.

MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S
HAND MADE SUITS

\$10.00 and \$12.00

When we offer hand made suits at these prices it simply means that the manufacturers are the losers, and you are the gainer. We want you to see these suits—the best bargains ever sold for the money.

CHILDREN'S AND BOYS'
SUITS THEY START AT

\$1.00 \$1.50
\$2.00 \$2.25

and up We have a full line of these goods. Come and see them. No trouble to show goods.

M. HAUBER & SON,
Baxter Springs, Kas.

Famous Floats

ON THE

James and White Rivers

FOR FISHERMEN AND CAMPING PARTIES



Galena
and
Branson,
Mo.

FARE AND ONE-THIRD FOR THE ROUND TRIP

Tickets on sale daily limited 30 days for return. This is the place to spend your vacation or a few days outing.

E. McAdams, Pass. Agt., W. M. Harry, Ticket Agt.
C. H. ROHRER, Division Passenger Agent

[First Published April 19, 1906.]

NOTICE.

All persons interested, will take notice that my petition is on file in the office of the Cherokee County, Kansas, Probate Court, asking for authority to sell the following described real estate, situate in Cherokee County, Kansas, belonging to the estate of Mary M. Deininger deceased, for the purpose of paying the debts of said estate and the expense of administration, to-wit: Lot two (2) and north 19 feet of lot three (3) in block ten (10); lots eleven (11), twelve (12) in block one (1); lots nine (9), ten (10) in block two (2); original plat, Baxter Springs, Kansas; Lots eight (8), nine (9) in block (14). Van Epp's addition to Baxter Springs, Kansas; lots two (2), three (3), four (4), five (5), six (6) in block four (4) Brewer's first addition to Baxter Springs, Kansas.

Said petition is set for hearing at the office of the Probate Judge, in Columbus, in said county, on Wednesday, the 23d day of May, 1906 at which time and place you may make known any objections you may have to the granting of such order.

Dated April 12, 1906.

A. L. HARVEY,

Administrator of said estate.

[First published April 19, 1906.]

Notice of Final Settlement.

The state of Kansas, Cherokee county, ss. In the probate court in and for said county. In the matter of the estate of Reuben Polk, deceased. Creditors and all other persons interested in the aforesaid estate, are hereby notified that at the regular term of the probate court, in and for said county, to be begun and held at the probate court room, in Columbus, county of Cherokee, state aforesaid, on the first Monday in the month of June, A. D. 1906, I shall, on the 8th day of June 1906, apply to said court for a final and final settlement of said estate.

CHAS. L. SMITH,
Executor of the will of Reuben Polk, deceased.

Columbus, Kansas, April 13, A. D. 1906.

BUILDING STONE FOR SALE.
I can supply you with any amount of the very best building stone. Prices reasonable. U. T. GABA.

NEW PATTERNS and new colorings in wallpaper—500 styles—at Polster's Corner Drug Store.

BEGGS' BLOOD PURIFIER
Cures catarrh of the stomach.